

# TIPPECANOE

By SAMUEL McCOY

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Recounting the adventures and love which came into the lives of David Lawrence and Antoinette O'Bannon, in the days when pioneers were fighting red savages in the Indiana wilderness.

## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Great God, how did that Injun get to here, Mr. Lawrence?" ejaculated Conrod, as the candles showed him the huddled form of the dying savage.

"Don't ask me, Captain Conrod," returned the other cheerfully. "Your door was open when I got here and he jumped on me when I came in; and he'd have got me if it had not been for this man."

And he laid his hand gently on the shoulder of the hysterical figure crouched on the floor.

"Holy rattlesnakes!" burst from the astonished Conrod. "It's Doc Elliott!"

David Lawrence lifted his rescuer to his feet. "Here, let's see your face, my friend."

The man looked up slowly.

"Ned Scull!" said Lawrence in a ghastly whisper, and staggered backward.

The man bowed his head again.

Lawrence spoke like a man in a dream:

"Scull! I have found you at last! I am innocent, I swear it!" cried Scull. "I never betrayed you!"

The others looked from one to the other of the two men in amazement. Where had they known each other before? By what name did Lawrence call Elliott? What was their secret? The moment was tense with waiting.

David turned to the little group.

"Gentlemen," he said, "may I talk to this man alone for a moment?"

"Sure as shooting!" said Conrod after a pause. "Let's get this Injun out of here first."

He bent above the filthy body and turned the limp shoulders over.

"Why, it's that wretched Plankshaw come in last week to sell his skins; been drunk ever since. He'll be sober a while, now."

With scant ceremony they dragged the heavy body with the dark red stain between the shoulder blades into the rain. One Indian less on the wilderness border was better luck than bad. The half-shut eyes stared blankly upward in the beating rain.

"Bury him in the morning," directed Conrod; and Scull—whom the village had known only as "Elliott"—and David Lawrence were left alone together.

"Now," said Lawrence with deadly calm, "tell me how you got here!"

The man Scull clasped his hands in entreaty.

"I left Nottingham because I heard you had sworn to kill me. I swear to you before God I was not responsible for your father's—"

Lawrence checked the word on Scull's lips.

"How came you here?" he repeated.

"I heard you had gone to America and I came across the Atlantic to find you; I thought I might show you I was innocent. I swear I am innocent."

"You lie," returned David calmly, "you lie in every word. You informed falsely on my father, and he died on the gallows because of you. You became a British spy. You fled from England to escape me; you never thought to find me here. Nor did I think to find you here, under an assumed name, pretending to be a physician."

Scull looked at him in terror.

"God!" he whispered, his lips dry with fear.

A door that led to an inner room suddenly swung open and a woman stepped quickly out.

A cry of fear escaped her as she saw David towering menacingly above Scull's bowed head. She was face to face with David and he looked at her in astonishment.

"Lydia Cranmer!"

The girl flung herself between the two men and clasping Scull to her arms she turned defiantly toward David.

"No, not Lydia Cranmer," she cried, "but Mistress Scull!"

"Hush, Lydia," commanded Scull dully. "Go back, let us alone; our business." She swallowed convulsively and stroked her hair as though soothing a child. "Go back, dear."

"Not I, Ned!" she answered. "What does this man want? Oh, Ned, there is no danger, is there? Tell me, what is wrong?"

As David looked at the two he felt the wild anger dying down in his breast, and instead there arose a feeling of self-pity. Ah, if only a woman had thrown her arms about his neck and faced the world for him, believing in him! An unbearable pang shot through him. His eyes were hot with the bitter cry of one who looks into the windows of a house where love and light and warmth stand firm against the desolate world without, and who knows himself a homeless wanderer on the earth. When he spoke, it was in a changed voice:

"Are you this woman's husband?"

"We were married a month ago," said Scull. He seemed almost to have forgotten David's presence and his hand caressed the girl's cheek with a strange gentleness.

David looked at them for a moment in silence, then drew a deep breath. He had made up his mind. He was glad that he could be merciful, to another, though life might be never merciful to him. He thrust the pistol back into the bosom of his hunting shirt and his hand fell upon the knot of ribbon Toinette had given him.

"Do you see this?" he asked, as he drew it out.

Scull turned paler. He had freed himself from the girl's clasp, and suddenly his knees loosened beneath him and he sank at David's feet. Lydia threw her arms around his shoulders.

"The mark!" cried Scull, raising trembling hands.

David looked at the ribbon with a start. "Why, yes, it is purple. But I do not show it to you as a sign that I am keeping my oath of the Brotherhood. No." As he continued his voice grew tender; he seemed to be speaking to himself or to some vision which the wretched figure kneeling at his feet could not see.

"You saved my life just now," he went on. "I would have thanked you for ending it, as you ended the love of the one I loved most in the world. For the sake of that dead love I promise you that no one shall know from me what you have been, what you are. I break my oath of the Brotherhood."

The groveling creature at David's feet raised a face of incredulity.

"You give up the Brotherhood's vengeance?"

"Absolutely."

"You will not hold to your oath?"

"I have said so."

Scull looked up at him, a radiance transfiguring his face.

"God bless you, Lawrence," he said chokingly. "You do not know what death means. You have only your own life; I have—God help me!—two lives to live for!"

Lydia stooped quickly and lifted David's hand to her lips.

She went hastily from the room. The two men stood facing each other and for a while there was silence. Then David spoke slowly:

"Are you going to remain here?"

Scull straightened himself up.

"No! We shall go back to England. I have robbed you of everything, and you have given me everything. You do not wish to see my face again. But before I go I will tell Toinette the truth. I—"

David nodded wearily and went out. A cold and dreary rain was still falling, but a ray of light shone from the tavern door on the upturned face of the dead Indian. David stopped and looked down upon the sightless visage for a moment and then laughed. The dreadful features were twisted into a smile as to ultimate victory, and a little rivulet of rain trickled unceasingly from the corner of the mouth. No more of wretched life; no more of fever!

David's hand stole unconsciously to the pistol that hung heavily within the folds of his own blouse. His fingers tightened on it and his lips drew together in a harder line. . . . Why not? . . . The thing so easily, so quickly done. . . . Why not?

Was there anything remaining to make him hold to life any longer? What though Blackford did believe in him? What though a hundred friends believed in him? What mattered all their friendships, their stupid greetings, the little kindnesses of daily intercourse? What did his dreams of great things to be done in this new land amount to? Petty dreams, petty tasks, buying and selling, squabbles over pennies, wranglings over little gains—a sordid prospect, the heritage of fools!

The rain fell steadily, chilling him to the very bones. Through its gray unceasing torrent he plodded, unchallenged in his loneliness, to his own

ing by the rocky ledge, he prayed, as at a shrine.

An end of all things had come to David. His long quest was over and the surf of his passion had spent itself in foam. Had it been worth while to forgive? All that he had lived for was torn from him. Toinette would know that she had judged him unjustly; but would that knowledge bring back what he had lost of her? He had been a hot-tempered fool, he had insulted her beyond forgiving. The breach had widened beyond bridging. He looked across the gulf that lay between him and Toinette and felt the bitterness of ruined hopes. He thrust his hand into his hunting shirt and drew forth the dueling pistol he had taken from Blackford's room. For a long while he stood looking at it in silence.

A light step rustled the dead leaves underfoot and he turned quickly. Toinette stood beside him, a joyous smile on her face.

"I was sent to find you," she greeted him astonishedly.

He stared at her, though at a messenger from the skies. Her silver laughter rang out as it had in days gone by.

"Do not deceive yourself," she smiled. "I am no angel—I'm Toinette!"

David did not believe her denial; never believed it.

"Father sent me for you. He's going to give a great dinner at the tavern and you're to sit in the place of honor. Come, you mustn't keep your cook waiting."

And she held out her hand.

But David did not stir.

The look of haggard suffering had returned to his face. Her loveliness was an arrow that sent all the poison of his despair once more burning through his veins. For the first time he found a voice, a voice trembling with emotion.

"I cannot . . . I cannot . . . please go!"

She opened her eyes wide and shot a blue radiance of hurt surprise at him. Then she went swift and straight to the point, a woman not to be put aside by evasions:

"Indeed, I will not. You mustn't stay here alone."

He had regained control of himself, but the struggle left him deadly pale. He could not bear to face her as he spoke.

"I am going away. I cannot live without you." The words were hardly more than a whisper.

She took two quick steps forward. Her hand fell upon his shoulder, light as a floating strand of gossamer. But he felt it and thrilled through all his being. Slowly, slowly, he raised his head and she saw his face, that he had gone into the valley of the shadow of death. In the hush of the wilderness his scarcely audible words seemed to fall on their hearts with the measured beating of an inexorable judgment.

What did she see in the wilderness? A dry reed, shaken in the wind of despair? But her voice rang like a song in the morning:

"It is not brave to turn back from the plowing. I have heard my father say that courage should be lifted to such a height as to maintain its greatness even in the midst of miseries, holding all things under itself."

David smiled.

"I call the immortal truth to witness that no fear, either of life or death, can appall me, having long learned to set bodily pain in the second form of my being. And I do not now think it the act of a coward to die."

The girl had grown paler as she read his determination in his face, white and rigid as a mask.

David was silent. In the morning sunlight that dappled the little glade, the frozen branches of the trees stood motionless. A white snowflake danced across the space before David's eyes and his vision followed it up, up, into the cloudless blue beyond. In the quiet, it seemed to Toinette as if she could hear her own heart beating. David spoke again, slowly:

"And if we be lieutenants of God in this troubled world, do you not think then that we have right to choose a new station when he leaves us unprotected of good reason to stay in the old?"

"No, certainly I do not," she said, with a rebuke loverly because it lay in her sweetly troubled voice, "since it is not for us to appoint that mighty unseen what time he will help us; the uttermost instant is scope enough for him to revoke all things to one's own desire."

And she sealed her lips with the moistness of her tears, which followed still one another like a precious rope of pearls. David suddenly realized how ineffably sweet life was; wonderful, tragic, joyous worthy of music, worthy of tears.

The pistol fell to the ground unheeded. David took a step forward.

But she checked him.

"No," she said, "do not tell me. Doctor Elliott has told me all. He and Lydia have gone. Forgive me, forgive me, David! Let the dreadful past go with them! See, you have made me cry—are you sorry? And by this time there's no dinner for either of us."

They laughed together. They were young.

"I'll get dinner for you," promised David. "I knew a butcher's son once upon a time."

"Once upon a time!" she repeated. "That sounds like a story. That's the way they always begin."

And so it was the beginning of a story; but David did not tell it to her then.

They went home together.

At Toinette's door, little Mr. O'Bannon hailed David with a shout.

"I sent my dove into the wilderness," he said, his eyes twinkling. "but you're the most sizable olive branch I ever saw!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

The Story Begins.

In the little stone courthouse on that Sabbath morning a hundred voices were lifted in the stirring music of Giardini's triumphal hymn. The people of the countryside had gathered to give thanks to God for the victory over their savage foes. The vigor of the chant swelled in a stern strength which was made beautiful by the rough voices of the pioneers. In the little room the hymn echoed with the majesty of a cathedral chant:

Come, thou Almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise thee,  
Father, all glorious,  
Over all victories,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of days!

David felt himself thrill in every nerve; his wife's hand trembled in his and he knew that, like himself, she felt the mighty glory of life and love, of trial undergone, of good triumphing over ill, of yearnings toward the ineffable. Tears of happiness stood in his eyes.



"I Am Going Away—I Cannot Live Without You."

eyes. The pen of victory ceased. The minister, a man of God, rose slowly to his feet. He, too, felt tears rising from the depths. Love had made him the apostle of the people of the wilderness and he had knit their hearts to his with bands of humble ministry. He had never before addressed so large an audience as this. Sunday after Sunday, the ten or twelve who made up his little Calvinistic flock, lacking a church building, gathered in the homes of his elders, Henry Rice and James Armstrong; the foundations of Goshen had been scarcely planned; but today he found a hundred men and women watching him, expectant of spiritual comfort. No one appreciated better than he the sufferings, the bereavements through which they had passed. In his meek and heroic spirit he thanked God for the high honor bestowed upon him, that to him should be given the words to address so great a company. In a voice that rang with prophecy, he read aloud that thrilling chapter which concludes the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of Luke; and as he lifted his eyes from the book, he found resting on him the clear steady gaze of the three score backwoodsman.

"I am going to speak to you about tenacity of purpose," he began, "the quality of soul which enables you to hang on to the thing you have begun until you have finished it."

"Not one of you men and women but deprecates a man who gives up in the midst of a fight. This feeling is a part of your very blood, for you have been brought up in the midst of dangers such as no other generation of men has known. It is upon resistance up to the last notch that your lives themselves depend. That man among you who surrenders imperils the lives of all of you. There is not one of you whose resolution has not been tried and tried sorely by the almost insufferable burdens of this new land. A hundred times you have said, 'Why did I not remain in the land which my fathers have made safe and pleasant for me?' And a hundred times you have fought off that feeling of discouragement."

"You are about to be put to a test more severe than any you have yet undergone. You have won the fight at Tippecanoe; but do not be mistaken; all the pitiless warriors of the forest will gather again and crush you out entirely if they can; and behind them is the power of that nation across the seas, whose tyranny our fathers have overthrown at such tremendous cost."

"And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

"The words are those of the greatest fighter of all. They are the words of a man who, without a single follower, proclaimed his convictions before the most hostile and unfriendly of all generations. The whole crushing weight of his hate fell upon him, but he clung to those beliefs to the very last—gave up his life, rather than give them up. He, of all men, knew where it was to cling to a purpose in the face of tremendous difficulties. Yet he says that whoever cannot equally endure the

burdens of the march through life is not fit to be a man.

"Thirty-two years ago a little band of men—settlers like you, and not so many as are now before me—followed George Rogers Clark through unimaginable hardships across the wintry prairies from Kaskaskia to Vincennes. Last week I passed by the crumbling timbers of the old fort and found their bullets sunken in the logs inside the embrasures. Some of you men in this audience were with him in that terrible march and daring assault. It is useless to say that we will never forget what you have done for us. General Clark is now a penniless and palsied cripple in his sister's home. Do not expect that a republic which has no rewards for the leader will be less forgetful of the man in the ranks."

"You have not entered on this deathless heroic struggle with the wilderness with the expectation of material reward alone; you have come here from the old quiet places in Virginia, in Massachusetts, in Connecticut, in Pennsylvania and New Jersey because you have the fighting spirit in you; and you stay here because the fighting spirit stays in you."

"For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?"

"Let him, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him."

"Saying, 'This man began to build, and was not able to finish.'"

"The tower that you have begun to build is an invisible tower; a new and mighty nation. Today you sit down to count the cost of the building, to see whether you have sufficient with which to finish the vast edifice. What is the cost? The world watches you, and not only its generations of today but those unborn generations who will weigh your work to see whether it was good or bad. I know that you have counted the cost and are willing, ready to pay it: a treasure of sacrifice, a treasure of blood and wounds and dreadful agonies and bitter tears. But you will pay it. You will pay it to the uttermost, holding yourselves to the grim account with iron wills, forcing yourselves on with unconquerable resolve."

"Not of you shall it ever be said: 'After he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it began to mock him.'"

"Saying, 'This man began to build, and was not able to finish.'"

"For the tower which you build is not built with hands, but with souls."

"So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

"Salt is good; but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be seasoned?"

"All of you know how hard it is to get salt in this new country—how we have to haul bushels of salty earth from the spots which the deer of the forest have discovered, the 'deer licks.' You put this salty earth in an ash hopper, pour water over it and catch the water in a trough after it has leaked through the dirt. And then you boil the salty water down till there is left a little of the precious mineral with which we can preserve our meats. You all know how laborious and tiresome a process it is, and how much the salt means to the settler. How, the cattle moo for a taste of it! What would our children do without milk?"

"We can all understand this manner of speaking: 'Salt is good; but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be seasoned?'"

"That great soldier, Christ, means to say that he looks to his followers not only to begin great tasks, but to continue in them; for there are no greater soldiers than the soldiers who fight in a good cause. The man who stops midway in his fight is like salt that loses its essential quality. There is no longer any reason for its existence. Better not be at all, than to cease from being strong. For then who is left to give new strength to the salt? There is no one for you to fall back on—you have chosen a certain work in life and you must stick it out to the end."

"I want you to remember this through all the great struggles which are left before you. Today we are waiting, and waiting for the appearance of a terrible foe. They may come to raise the war-whoop or they may come in peace. But however they may come they will find us ready, like the wise king who hath consulted and found himself ready to meet the force that cometh against him. For you have learned to fight the greater struggles of the spirit. You have learned to be cool, temperate and steady, first of all; and having learned these virtues of manliness and pluck and mastery over self, you will add to them the supreme virtue of tenacity: to keep, to hold, to grip as in a vise the purpose to which you have consecrated your selves."

"And then, some day, the tower of this new and beautiful nation will stand as a dream made visible. The foundations Washington laid, and Clark and Harrison have added to; the great timbers of the walls which you are raising will be strengthened by mighty girders which your sons will weave into place and fasten together like a welded yoke; and their sons will rear the roof above, and still another generation will make it a house shutting out the four winds of the earth; and your grandsons will make it beautiful within. We shall not see that day nor reap any of its rewards; but of us shall the unseen cornerstones be made. Today is the glory of victory; tomorrow begins the clamor of toil. Where is the house that ye build unto me? Where is the place of my rest? . . ."

THE END.

# THE KITCHEN CABINET

To aid in righting the wrongs that cross our path by pointing the wrong door to the better way, and thus aid him in becoming a power for good.—A Creed of the Open Road.

## HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS.

A safe fire kindler is this, prepared by the saving one of the household. All bits of trimmings, threads, ravelings are wound into a small ball, put into a bag behind the stove, then when a kindler is wanted, a ball is moistened with kerosene from

a bottle and applied to the wood in the stove, when lighted by a match, it burns long enough to start the wood to burning. This same bottle of kerosene moistens a cloth to keep the porcelain sink white and stainless, having it pure and at least cost. Mix a pound of pure cream of tartar, six ounces of tartaric acid and a pint of flour together and sift at least five or six times. Place in tin cans and keep tightly covered; use as any other baking powder.

If suede shoes become shiny, rub with a fine piece of emery paper. When shoes squeak run linseed oil into the sole. Sandpaper also removes the shine from clothing.

Mix flour with lye and fill the mouse holes. The most courageous mouse will not reopen such a hole.

An emergency funnel may be made by rolling into a cone shape a piece of writing paper.

A new kind of toast. Slice a loaf of bread through to the lower crust, leaving the inner part. Place the loaf in the oven until thoroughly heated and slightly crisp around the edges. Slice the loaf whole and very hot; each may then be served with a hot slice. It may be buttered before going into the oven if desired.

A handy pie crimper is made by using a large screw along the edge of the pie.

An upholstered chair may be cleaned nicely after a thorough dusting in the open air. Rub it with a good big pan of hot bran, brush well and the chair will be clean.

Let a tough steak lie in olive oil and vinegar, turning it once during the softening process. An hour will serve to soften the fibers of the meat, making it very much more palatable. Use equal parts of oil and vinegar.

To clean spots on silk without leaving a ring, use a paste of magnesia and gasoline. Rub dry and air well before using the garment.

Photographs which have become soiled by dust and dry specks may be cleaned with a cloth dampened in alcohol.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is the shadow that cleaves to us, so where we will, and which leaves us only when we leave the light of life.—W. E. Gladstone.

## GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

Among the following may be found some dish which will appeal to the taste of a few members of the family.

**Savory Chicken Fricassee.**—Cut up a four-pound chicken, put the legs, wings, neck and giblets in the bottom of a stewpan; chop together a fourth of a cupful of ham, three medium-sized onions, one pimento, and sprinkle this over the layer of chicken, season with salt and pepper and place the remainder of the chicken on top, cover with boiling water, cover tightly and simmer for one hour. The gravy should be thickened with flour, it may be blended with a little of the broth, using a tablespoonful of flour to a cupful of broth.

**Crumpets.**—Dissolve a half of a compressed yeast cake in a little warm milk, add more, making three cupfuls of milk, add a half teaspoonful of salt, and stir in four cupfuls of flour, let stand overnight, and in the morning add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and a fourth of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water. Beat thoroughly, put into well-buttered muffin rings, filling them half full; let rise a half-hour and bake in a quick oven.

**Chili Con Carne.**—Grind a pound of round steak, then brown it in two teaspoonfuls of beef drippings. Cover with boiling water, cook until tender, season with salt and a tablespoonful of chili powder, add a can of kidney beans, two tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, a quart of tomatoes and simmer until the tomato pulp is entirely absorbed. Serve hot with rice.

**Baked Ham With Apples.**—Have a slice of ham cut an inch thick, wipe off most of the fat, and rub in a pinch of 1½ cupfuls of brown sugar as it will take up. Lay in a pan and cover with ten cloves. Pare and cut six tart apples in quarters and lay them around the ham. Sprinkle the remaining sugar over the apples and add a half cupful of water carefully, not to dislodge the sugar. Cover and bake 45 minutes, or until the ham is tender.

Absence of occupation is not rest. A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.—Copper.

## LAST MINUTE DISHES.

Eggs lend themselves to so many dishes which may be prepared in a hurry that with a few fresh eggs, almost any dinner may be pieced out in a few moments. The omelet, scrambled eggs, golden rod eggs, eggs cooked in cream, and various and sundry others which will occur to the cook are all good emergency dishes.

**Corn Pudding.**—Mix a cupful of chopped cooked meat with a can of corn, season with salt and pepper, add a cupful of milk and one beaten egg, mix all together and bake ten minutes in a hot oven. Where the time is too short for baking small cakes may be fried in a little hot fat. Or it may be cooked in the form of an omelet. Macaroni with a little leftover chicken and gravy, if reheated, makes a most satisfying dish. Any cooked meat may be used in place of the chicken.

**Meat Rice Balls.**—Parboil rice, drain, squeeze the water. Tie the rice up in squares of cheesecloth with a little chopped meat in the center, cook in the rice water until the rice is tender. Remove from the cloths and serve with tomato or brown sauce.

**Blanketed Eggs.**—Make a rich white sauce and place a spoonful in the bottom of the ramekin, drop in an egg and cover with another spoonful of white sauce well seasoned, place in the oven and bake until the egg is set, from five to ten minutes. Dates, stuffed with nuts, and then rolled in granulated sugar, make a most wholesome dessert.

**What to Do With Soup Meat.**—Soup meat is both nourishing and wholesome, if properly prepared. The delicate extracts which are the appetizing flavors in meat are usually absent in meat that has been treated for soup, but by adding seasonings of various kinds the meat will become again well flavored and palatable. One or two bouillon cubes may be added to a little water and chopped soup meat with seasoning added; this mixed with chopped cold boiled potato makes a good hash if served piping hot. This meat may be used in the rice balls or various other ways will occur to the cook who is thinking about economy.

Stilliest streams,  
Off water greenest meadows; and the bird  
That flutters least is longest on the wing.  
—Copper.

## HOUSEKEEPERS' HINTS.

We have all had trouble keeping vinegar cruetts bright and shining, but here is an easy method. Put about a quarter of a teaspoonful of concentrated lye into the cruet and fill with soap suds. Let it stand, shaking it occasionally, for a half day, when all the brown sediment will be removed and the glass will be bright and shining.

To clean white enamel woodwork with little labor, use warm water to which has been added a few tablespoonfuls of whiting, a cheap substance which can be bought at any drug store. Wipe and rub dry with a dry cloth.

Ozone cleans engravings and bleaches paper perfectly without injuring the fiber. It can also be used for removing mildew and other stains from engravings and pictures that have been soiled by hanging against a damp wall. The ozone may be generated by putting a piece of phosphorus in the bottom of a vessel partly covered with water. Put the picture over the dish so that the fumes will do the bleaching.

Gilt frames which have become discolored may be brightened if they are thoroughly cleaned. With a small brush remove all dust, then brush with the white of egg beaten with a pinch of salt and soda. After a few minutes wash this off with soft water and dry with a flannel cloth.

A balky curtain rod, if small enough to slip a thumb over, will slip through the lace without a protest. If a larger pole is used, wrap the end with a piece of cloth tied firmly over the end.

There are a few people who still are unaware that a drawer that sticks may be disciplined with a piece of soap rubbed on its edges.

Ways of lightening the labor of window washing: A teaspoonful of glycerin and a little ammonia to a gallon of water is said to make windows sparkle like crystal. Another: Add a tablespoonful of vinegar to a quart of water. Wash with a soft cloth and wipe dry with a lintless dry one.

Mattings may be shellaced thus preserving it and also staining it any color to match the room furnishings.

Nellie Maxwell